

Detur Pulchriori:

OR,

A P O E M

in the Praise of the Vniversity ...

OF

O X F O R D.

Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent. Mart. Ep.

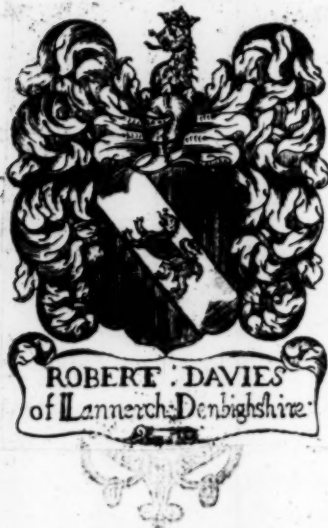
Vivitur ingenio, cetera mortis erunt. Ovid.



Anno Dom. 1658.



*Gift of
J. Pierpont Morgan*



Patri mihi Charissimo I. V.

Hæc parerga mea

D. D. C. 2.

Non meus agnoscit Parnassi somnia Phæbus,
Neve Caballina Musa Lavatur aquâ;
Mænadis inspirat sitientes Mente Poetas,
Ebria, nam nunquam Sobria Musa fuit.
Sis Genitor mihi Phæbus, erit pro fonte Caballi
Istis, *sem* Vates Sobrius inde tuus,

Et Filias &c.

Philomusi

To my most Honoured
Schoolmaster.

Sir

IF like a Pythonist I from my Wits
May chance to start, vent Oracles by fits,
And so be Poet dub'd, know I am one
Not born but made by inspiration,
For from Your influence my Muse begun,
My lines the Parables of Your Sun.
And since from the Pindarique Mountain You
Descend, to lend Your hand to us below:
Loe 'our Inferiour Orbs begin to move,
And act by the Intelligence of Your Love,
And though you can't expect from Pigmey braines
Witt's Garagantuas, Gigantique strains,
How'ere my Muse (though stretch'd upon the Last
Of an Hyperbole, 's but a Neurospast
Mou'd by Your Candours Mysterious wire)
Inspired, though not with a Delphique fire,
But a pure Vestall flame, contends to raise
Her note, unto the Elah of Your praise,
If you accept these tender spriggs, know she.
Will give You better at Maturity.

Yours &c.

Philomusi.



An Apology.

HAve you not seen when Titans glorious ray
Doth peep through th' Azure Welkin, and display
It's Splendent lustre, not alone to those,
Whose faces are more Painted then their cloaths,
Nor yet to those, who with Grandezza bear
Their stately looks above the Vulgar Sphear;
Noe, no, the humble Sun descends to all,
Glancing with smiles upon the lowest vale;
Even so our Sun, our true Apollo leaves
None in Cimmerian mists, to all he gives
To be his Starres, and have from him their light;
Left some should set in a perpetuall night.
Well then, Ile shew my selfe to be his Son,
His genuine Son, a boon companion
Of the Aonian sisters, though I see
The Sun of Censure Levelling at me:
Look how he forms his thoughts into a Cone,
And smites me with the sharpest end? anon
He carps, he bites; this quick-ey'd Basilisque
What ere he sees, wounds with an Asterisque:
Hee'l fine, if i'll not cleanse what I have writt
Which shews hee's but the Scavinger of Witt.

To his ingenious Friend F. V.

Since in so little room Thou hast set forth
Thy Mothers praise, and Her deserved worth,
Which requir'd Volumes, Thee in rank wee'll put
With him who wrote the Iliades in a Nut.

W. C. G.



A Poem in the Praise of the University of OXFORD.

Hum ! hum ! what is't, that doth impede my *note*
 Causing a *swelling Squincy* in my throat?
 Methinks my *Wide-board Muse* might with her
 Drown *Pistoll-Shott*, yea a *Granadas* vojce, (noise
 But since so many *Pamphlet bullets* fly
 About mine ears, 'twill be best Chivalry
 To fight it out, and with a valiant pen
 Win *Oxfords* credit from Malignant men.

Dear Mother, though unhallowed lips would stain
 with *Satyrs* flowing from a *Wormwood* brain
 Thy *comely feature*, with a *Viperous* strife
 Gnawing those *bowels* that did give them life;
 Although they sully Thee, 'twill be their shame,
 Thy Honour, and immortalize thy fame,
 Though *full-mouth'd Cynnicks* be in *Sent* so hott.
 Each *Black patch* Calumny's thy Beauty spott.

The first *mouth* that *Malign's* thee is the *Clown's*,
 Whose tongues more thumb'd & sullied, then the
 Or Parish-book, he ne'r doth cease to *Tawn* (Town's,
 And swallow *Solecismes*, as *smooth* as *Brawn*,
 He'd rather be a *Page* unto his *Car*,
 Or his *Swines Guardian*, then goe so far
 As to a *Verfity*, for none but *Vools*,
 Che swears wil send their Children unto *Schools*.

More could I name whose *Counterpoising* *tonnges*
 Spit words far more corrupted then their *lungs*,
 But since 'tis not my scope to answer those,
 Whose names *Donquixoted* doe live in *prose*,

And

And never knew that Poets only claim
 Maugre the teeth of time, æternall fame,
 Then rouse my *Muse* and with *immortall lays*
 Caroll unto the world fam'd *Oxford's* praise.

Oxford! the *Arsenall of Arts*, the *Muses*
 Sole *Staple*, where *Apollo* onely uses
 To *Barter*, where our *half-starv'd* Poets buy
 Their soaring *Pegasus*, and mounted fly
 Up the *Aonian cliffs*, the towering mount
 Doth make them giddy, till th' *Castalian* fount
 Begins to reinspire their *spur-gall'd* brains,
 And add new *Spirits* to their empty veins.

In thee the *Grave Logician* doth commence
 To rant *mysterious termes*, and *fustian sence*,
 While his *Lines* cragg'd, and hard to understand
 Doe far more baffle then the *Deuill's band*.
 Daring more with his *three fork'd mace* of late,
 Then th' *three neck'd Porter* of th' *Infernall gate*
 while his amazed *Auditours* suppose
 Some *Demogorgon* always in the close.

From thee the *Politician* hath his books,
 The *Hieroglyphiks* of majestic looks.

Of thee *Apollo* his *melodious strains*,
 His dulced *Anthems*, sugred *Hymnes* obtains,
 Tyeing with *Musiq*, sweeter then the *Sphear's*
Men madd with aspiration by the ears,
 And least *injurious tongues* fly-blow thy praise,
 He will Thee crown with never dying *Bayer*.

Thou *Oyles* the *Rustique's* *tounge*, and on him shows
 In his *Youth's April*, and produceth flowers
 Of party-coloured *Retorique*, he talks
 On *Stilts*, his slippery tongue confus'dly walks,
 So he (whose *tounge* hide-bound before) in sence
 Can prate, Imbellished with *eloquence*.

Again

Again thou teachest *Devilish Youth* to tread
 In *Vertue's path*, and giv'st them *hands and head*.
 Thou giv'st them *Heads*, from whence *Conceptions* flow,
High soaring thoughts and not *Pestantiq;* low
 Thou giv'st them *hands* to hold *Minerva's shield*,
 From conquered *Ignorance* to gain the *Field*.

Wer't not for thee, the *Milk-sopp-youth* would nere
 Be *moralliz'd* nor would he ever bear
 His *Father's* *Royall stamp*, nor would his age
 Admitt of *Councill*, from the grave and sage

Although the *Rustique* scornes, it is from thee
 He got the *rules of right Oeconomy*.

Of Thee the *Learned Galenist* obtains
 His knowledge in the *Mystery of the veins*
 And *nervus*; of late his *skill* he so inhances
 By finding out the *blood's Meandering dances*,
 That he *old nature* with *Industrious pain*
 Renews, makes *aged Ason* young again.

The *Art of numbring* doth confess that *thee*
 Endow'd was with the *Golden rule* by thee.

The skill'd *Geometrician* who surveighs
 With *Curious eyes* the *Continent* and *Seas*
Squares by *thy rule*;

He who at every rise
 Waits on *Night's fairest Queen* with courting eyes,
 And who *Inamorato-like* doth Honour
 And Homage pay to those that wait upon her,
 To every *pinck-ey'd Starre*; who swears that he
 Will have noe *Mistress* but a *Cassiope*,
 Doth vow to sacrifice to Thee each year
 The *stalled Bull*, snatch'd from his *Hemisphear*;
 A Quarter of the *Heavenly Tupp*, what's more,
 Hee'l add the *Golden fleice*, to quit the *score*,
 That still is chalked in his mind, He owes

To Thee, what rarities so er'e he knows,
 In lieu of payment therefore will he set
 On thy Head *Ariadnes coronet*,
 Hee'l make the *Zodiack* be thy golden chain,
Aquarius vernall shows upon Thee rain,
 To make thy *May* more Pregnant, and thy stemm,
 Outgoe the Pearles in *Flora's Diadem*.

The grave *Divine*, who doth the People aw
Bonarges-like with the *Mosaïque Law*,
 Again a *Barnabas*, who doth dispense
Sweet nuncio, of Christ intelligence,
 Inspiring with pure Zeale th' amazed *Soul*,
 Making her lave her self then sin more foul,
 Says 'tis his *Devoir*, 'fore the *greyz'd day*
 Puts on her *Mornings dress*, for Thee to pray;
 "Great God, Immortall King! cast down an eye,
 "On *Britains Fountaines*, let them never dry;
 "Let more especially my *Mothers Fountain*,
 "Bebaptiz'd *Helicon* in *Sions Mountain*,
 "Let it her Honour be t' extoll Thy fame,
 "Let all her praise be still to praise thy name.

Loe now my *Muse* is Jaded, and my quill
 Tired, begs a *Vacation*, she will
 No longer travell in Thy *Praises Ocean*,
 How'ere shee'l say *Amen* to the *Devotion*,

Floreat æternis Academia Nostra Camanica.

To the Author.

Will none none commend Thee? well had I but been
 Born at the brink of sacred *Hippocrene*,
 Or worn the *Muses darling*, or might be
 An equal sharer in the *Daphnean Tree*;
 I would commend Thee, so that I would raise
 An Altar, and would offer to Thy praise
 An Hecatomb of verses, and my Pen
 If thou wert dead, should make Thee live agen,

FINIS.

T. S. Oxon.

